

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XXII.]

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

[NUMBER 3.]

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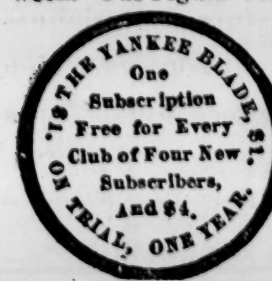
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EDITORIAL.

MAYOR ROCHE says that "drunkenness on the part of any policeman in Chicago begets dismissal and no influence can get back on the force the men discharged for this offense."

ONCE the Jews were carried captive to Babylon and wept beside its waters. Today it is reported that two Jews of Bagdad have bought all the heaps and mounds that mark the site of ruined, buried Babylon.

J. H. KELLOG, of Troy, New York, has given Miss Willard a thousand dollars to be spent at her discretion in temperance work: a noble example to those who have money but no time or skill to do the world's work with; let them hold up the hands of those who are willing to give time and talent to it.

It is doubtful, even in America, whether the average young minister can write two good sermons a week. But in England the Bishop of Ely has forbidden the deacons of his diocese to try to! If their flocks require a second sermon they are to write out a sermon from some standard divine to be furnished by the Bishop.

THE *Christian Register* in a recent brevity thus touches off the ideal church for the realization of which we labor. Not a Sabbath day sanctuary but a manual training school for the religious life for seven days in the week: "Wanted: Manual education in our churches. Christians need to educate the hand so that it will fulfill the impulses of the heart."

"BLESSED are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," said Jesus. But to be so filled as not to hunger and thirst any more, if it were possible, would not be the highest good. He who ceases to hunger, ceases to grow. They are the truly blest in whom is the perpetually returning hunger and thirst which bring the perpetual supply.

THE *Woman's Tribune* quotes Bishop Fallows as saying: "I have been long in coming to this conclusion, I confess. I read the life of our Lord in a new light; the last ritualistic prejudice has vanished. Christ's commissions were given to women and men alike. Men have too long misconceived the true position of women. This present period in the church is very important. Let us not array ourselves against Holy Ghost women, lest we be found to fight against God."

HAS President Cleveland contributed ten thousand dollars to the campaign fund of the Democratic party? If so, let all right-minded people of all parties blush with shame over a chief executive who sinks himself to the level of those other self-seekers who give lavishly of time, money and personal persuasion for the advancement of their own political ambition. It is not Utopian to expect a public sentiment concerning civil service that will rebuke such immodesty with neglect and ultimate oblivion.

MANY seem often to assume that "holiness" and "righteousness of life" are to result from gifts not yet received; and are hence "praying" every now and then for the Divine favor, and thinking within themselves, that "if they could only secure some new and great heaven-sent blessing," then they would doubtless succeed in doing their duty, and in

living to some effectual purpose. Whereas, there is not a moral and responsible human being who has not already as divine a gift as will ever be obtained by his praying for one.

THE *Reporter*, for August, the admirable monthly organ of the Charity Organization of this city, contains a portrait of Doctor Ryder, with a biographical sketch by his successor, J. Coleman Adams. Speaking of the nearly half a million dollars which Doctor Ryder left for public interests, Mr. Adams adds the following, which we wish might be read by every prosperous citizen in the west: "Few great fortunes in Chicago have as yet been consecrated to the higher interests and uses of society. Men and women who ought to know better, still express surprise when a rich man leaves any large proportion of his wealth to the community."

PROFESSOR SWING last Sunday met his people for the first time after vacation. He told them that "Life was the essence of true religion rather than doctrine." Doctor Thomas told his people that the prophet was the man in whom the spirit of truth overflowed, and that "this class of men was not confined to any generation or to any age." Doctor Lorimer found in Christ not only the "embodiment of the everlasting hills, but a garden of flowers, a shower of stars and a chorus of nightingales." Thus did he plead for beauty as an element in the religious life.

"THE need to-day" says the *Christian Intelligencer* as quoted by the *Christian Register*, "is not a man who can make sermons, but one who can mold manhood. If we were a Methodist we should shout 'Amen.'" The *Christian Intelligencer* evidently did not intend to imply that sermons do not have their important share in molding manhood, but rather that the manual training of impulse is the pre-eminent need of to-day. Since woman is no less potent a power in the molding of manhood than is man himself we thank God that more women are entering the ministry, for their influence will be instinctively towards its becoming in the good old-fashioned sense a *ministering* that molds human life,—that shapes and religionizes it in its own natural and legitimate channels. In this way they will help to save it from the too great preaching prominence. There is cause for rejoicing every time her work and influence are permitted to compete with and complement that of man, and more than anywhere else when it enters the realm of pulpit and parish.

PROFESSOR SWING spoils a good temperance story in the last Monday's *Tribune* by correcting the absurd and sensational report that has been going the rounds of the papers concerning the sixteen class-mates of General Harrison that now fill drunkard's graves. Professor Swing was one of the sixteen, four others of them are preachers, one of them a member of Congress, three of them lawyers, one of them a monk in a Baltimore convent, and the only drinking man of the seventeen is alive and successful. It is too bad to ruin a campaign story, indeed it is hard to spoil a campaign story. It will keep on its rounds just as if it were true. But this baseless story illustrates the need of reforming the temperance orator. He has too long depended upon extravagant rhetoric, sensational stories and emotional appeals with little regard for the side-lights and the shadings of truth. He too seldom remembers that in the sad field of

intemperance, as elsewhere, truth is stranger than fiction. He too often misses the power of under-statement. The blighting effect of alcohol upon the physical and spiritual natures of man is startling enough without any attempt at exaggeration, which extravagant speech always weakens the cause. We trust that the era of the gutter man in temperance work is nearly at an end—the man who has “reformed,” and goes about exposing his spiritual ulcers and scattering broadcast in the minds of untainted youths the slang, profanity and swagger which he acquired in the days of his sinful indulgence. We trust that the era of the statistician, physician and student is well begun in the temperance field. Not *agitation* but *education* is what we need concerning temperance. The temperance press, as well as temperance organizations must learn that there is an inseparable connection between pure speech and clean lives. The kingdom of heaven can not be served by the methods or the language of the kingdom of darkness, which is also the kingdom of coarseness. Temperate speech best serves sober living. Above all, let temperance people have a conscience for the truth.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the senior editor was called upon to officiate at the funeral of the devoted wife of Rev. S. B. Loomis, of Lone Rock, Wis., the earnest and only missionary of our faith in the Wisconsin river valley west of Madison. It was touching to see the people throng from the various fields of his ministerial labor, many of them driving ten, twenty, thirty miles, hoping that somehow they might, by their presence, give back in some measure the sympathy and consolation which this apostle of a hopeful faith has been enabled to give to so many during a ministry of over twenty years in that country side. For over forty years Mr. and Mrs. Loomis have been publicly identified with the ministry of freedom; first the freedom of man under the law of the State, after that the freedom of the soul under the gospel of love. Mr. Loomis was a youthful yoke fellow with Samuel J. May and his sainted associates of the anti-slavery movement. After the war he exchanged New York for Wisconsin as a field of labor, since which time he has known the hardships and the loneliness of a Unitarian missionary. Many friends of his in Janesville, Monroe, Cooksville and elsewhere will read this notice of his bereavement with sympathetic love and will join with us in hoping that the pilgrim's strength may still serve him and that the light of the mountain top may still find him in his valley of loneliness.

In view of the fact that an associate is responsible for the wise counsel quoted below, we are glad to give our readers, many of whom are familiar with “The Faith that makes Faithful,” the benefit of the following effective amplification, by Amber in the *Chicago Evening Journal*, of one of its sentences: “I fell in with a sentence the other day which I have straightway inscribed upon my banner, and I am going to march under it right through to glory! ‘If you can not realize your ideal,’ it read, ‘idealize your real.’ That’s it, my dear. Don’t sit down and cry because you have hard things to do, but get up and go about your work as the husbandman goes to work to sow seed for a coming harvest. It may be nothing but plowshares and bent backs and turned over clods now, but sure as God lives and your own grit holds out there will be a golden wheat field by and by. Never fall into the error of making a necessity so hateful that it spoils your own comfort and everybody else’s who comes in contact with you. There are lots of disagreeable things which must be done in this world, but dreading a task never yet assisted in its fulfillment, and the only way to get along with disagreeable facts is to idealize them if possible; take them one by one as they come along and get them soon over. Nobody ever yet climbed a hill by wishing himself at the top. It is step by

step, through dust and over stones, that brings us finally to the view over into Canaan.”

THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The senior editor of this paper has been out of office for the last two months. The chair has been vacant at headquarters, and he joins with UNITY readers in thanking the associates that have made his absence a season of enjoyment and rest to both editor and reader. But some matters have necessarily accumulated in the drawer which would have seen the light ere this if the Wisconsin parish, the wild flowers, and that country ride of two hundred miles in an open wagon with the family circle and right-hand helpers from parish and headquarters did not have to be attended to. Among the accumulations was found the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY: I sent to a gifted friend the number of your paper that contained a severe paragraph from Hugh O. Pentecost concerning ambition, in which he denounces in unsparing terms those who manifest that quality. His answer is at least pointed and refreshing, so I copy it for you:

“Hugh O. Pentecost in the copy of UNITY that you were good enough to send me talks nonsense. He says, ‘A man disgraces himself * * * who wishes to be president.’ St. Paul said, ‘If a man desireth the office of a bishop he desires a good work.’ Ambition is as often in the line of right as of wrong. Success is to a man what blossoming is to an apple bud; both work toward fruition. Henry Clay would rather be right than be president. He would rather have been both and was—neither.”

Yours with thanks for the pleasure I have in reading UNITY,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

We thank our good friend, Miss Willard, for sending this word from her friend, who, among his other gifts, knows how to quote aptly. But still we sympathize with Mr. Pentecost's “nonsense,” if such it be. We remember that the Moses and the Luthers of the race have ever accepted the divine task with a holy hesitancy and spiritual humility. We remember also that “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread”; and that the ambition to serve the world is higher than the ambition to receive the honors of the world. Perhaps the aspirants in question were moved by the higher ambition.

Rev. G. D. Black, our vigilant and appreciative contributor from Yellow Springs, Ohio, writes:

In reading Mr. Calthrop's excellent sermon in the book, “Show us the Father,” I have noticed a common mistake that is made in reference to the expression, “God-intoxicated man,” as applied to Spinoza. Everybody who writes about Spinoza uses it, but I have never seen it credited to its author, except by Carlyle. Mr. Calthrop gives it to Schleiermacher. Novalis was the author of it. This is what he said: “Spinozism is a surfeit with deity—Spinoza is a God-intoxicated man.”

My love for this dweller in the high empyrean of the spirit is so great I am jealous that no lawful meed should be lost to him.

Rev. J. H. Clifford, of Germantown, inquired during our absence if the paraphrase of Psalm cxxxix attributed to Caroline Eliot Stetson was not written by Mrs. E. C. Potter, the lamented wife of W. J. Potter, of New Bedford. Very likely the request to reprint was mistaken at the office for a confession of authorship. We shall be glad to verify Mr. Clifford's impression in these columns.

The organizing ability displayed by the women of this country in these later years is one of the surprising and encouraging signs of the times. The crowning effort in this direction is that which springs from the great International Council at Washington of last spring. The present aim and methods of this Council of which Miss Frances E. Willard is president, are so fully set forth in a communication we find in our drawer that we print it entire, hoping that not only all women's organizations, but all the man-burdened progressive organizations also will seek a place in this moving column as early as possible.

Its purpose is to secure in every leading city and town of the United States a “Woman's Council” made up of the presidents of

all societies of women, having a headquarters for its own, with an office secretary, and entering unitedly upon such lines of work as all the women can agree upon. It is believed that such a plan of interaction, combined with the organic independence of each society, will do away with the over-lapping of plans that now leads to much waste of time and energy. Also that it will broaden the horizon of every woman who belongs to an organized society of women, and lead to larger mutual toleration between guilds, heretofore separate and to a great degree non-sympathetic. As an illustration of the practical working of the plan it may be stated that such a council of women could readily arrange for petitions from all societies of women in any given town or city asking that women should be placed upon the school board, upon the different boards entrusted with the care of public institutions for the defective, delinquent and dependent classes; asking for the admission of women to local, county, state, and national organizations, such as press associations, medical associations, ecclesiastical associations, etc.; asking that the doors of such schools and colleges as are not yet open to women might be thrown wide open for their admission; asking for better protection for the home, and heavier penalties for all crimes against women and girls. Women could use their influence to secure for girls in the public schools better opportunities for physical culture, and the enforcement of the new laws for instruction in hygiene. They could also help to engraft the kindergarten system on the public schools. They could do much for the protection of shop girls, in furnishing them better conditions of living by securing local ordinances requiring the best sanitary conditions; limiting the number in one room, and in every way ameliorating the present situation, while using their utmost influence to increase the wages of this class of workers. It will be readily seen that greatly added force will come from any such movement, whether local, state or national, when it is backed up by the united societies of the locality, state or nation, and that with a small expenditure of money and time all these societies, while carrying on separately their own separate work for which they were organized, may yet do an immense work for womanhood at large along the lines on which all can agree to unite in sympathy, influence and effort. To carry out such plans and on so large a scale will require time, but there is every reason to believe from the experiences and success of the women who have taken up this work that they will persist in a quiet but intelligent endeavor, having in view the ends herein stated, until success shall crown their great but altogether practicable movement.

AFTER VACATION, WHAT?

One day in our vacation wanderings the twilight hours found us riding into and through one of those open-mouthed rich-fielded valleys in which Wisconsin abounds, rimmed but not shut in by that formation which attains to the outlines but not the altitude of mountains, which in local phrase is termed bluffs. We were so far removed in space and time from the city din and crowd that it seemed as though cities belonged to another planet. Even a railroad, with its villages, telegraph-poles and whistling engines, was either hours behind us or beyond us. It was such an evening with such a sunset as one sees but a few times in life, except in dreams. The western sky had changed from the bold, daring saffron of an August sunset through sweeping darts of red into an opalescent stillness, engirdling the brow of earth with a halo such as the older artists sought in vain to throw around the Christ-head, seeking a brilliancy that would glorify but not destroy the modesty, the sorrow and the retirement of the divine face. It was an evening in which even the birds and insects seemed to stop to listen, to look and keep quiet. Cow-bells tinkled in the home-nooks of the farms. The dull hum of a threshing machine came from the distance, speaking of an ever-prolonged day to tired workers. On the farther hill, out against that apparently self-sustained light of the sky, stood in diamond-like outlines the fairy discs of a windmill, and even it stood still. Nothing, aside from an occasional woman's call or child's cry, broke the silence; for the hum of the machine and the irregular tinkle of the bells seemed to be a part of the silence. The grating of our wagon-wheels was rude and intrusive, and we stopped to let the darkness steal over us with its revealing benedictions, bringing as it did the stars like lanterns in its hand. While we stopped, a church-bell, the Catholic Angelus, broke out from one of the distant hill-mountain tops at the farther end of the valley. It was one of those rich, noble bells which the Catholic church knows where to put and how to

use in the country's far-off nooks and quiet places. Deliberately it pealed out its message, which each listener must interpret for himself. We knew too much of the life in that neighborhood; we had studied too closely the revelations of the sunlight not to know that we stood in no ideal valley such as Rasselas sought or poets have sung. It was no dream Arcadia. We knew that the horizon line, so strongly yet delicately molded, rimmed homes that were meager and barren,—homes that sheltered sordid men and unhappy and overworked women. There were doubtless poorly tilled fields and sadly neglected minds in that valley. The morrow would bring hard tasks to reluctant hands, and would hear foul phrases and angry words fall from human lips in that neighborhood; but over it all would stand all day that cross-crowned church, and three times next day and for every day in the year to come that bell would sound its call to prayer. It would strike upon ears often reluctant—many of them stupid—its summons to the higher life. That bell will speak of the permanent right, of the immortal hope of the blessed dead of God. To many it will be the bell of superstition,—the Catholic bell, despised and dreaded. But back of all that is doctrinal, sectarian or provincial, it will be the bell of religion, the voice of the ideal, as much a part of that valley, hung far out there in country space, as the scarred bluff and the murmuring brook. That bell belonged there as much as the opalescent sky belonged there that night,—aye, more, because it somehow echoed the voice that called the hills into being and will speak when the brook is dry. It was the voice of nature vocalizing itself in the dreams of man. It was the voice of God phrasing itself in the aspirations of the race. It was the spirit of the universe climbing through atom and cell up through fern and tree, through bird and beast into the heart of woman and the hand of man, embodying itself on its upward way in its highest attainment in the prophet's dream and the martyr's faith. And this is what rang out in the higher tones of that church-bell. One side of the crudest, narrowest little church found by any of our readers in their vacation wanderings fronts this everlasting side. All churches have that which belongs to nature and to nature's God. They are not only a part, but the highest part of every landscape in which they are set.

"For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

May all this suggest the perspective into which our vacation should have thrown our work as workers in the field of religion. Some of our readers have doubtless enjoyed as a luxury temporary freedom from church obligations. The Sunday morning sleep has been more refreshing because more prolonged. The money which the contribution box was wont to claim may have bought a relished pleasure at the theater, the book-store or the refreshment stand. Some may have found that social position and respectability are better found outside of church lines than in them. But if all this should leave only a lingering desire that vacation might continue to the end of the year, we have missed the higher benediction. Unless our vacation has toned up our spirits as it has our bodies; if it has not made us more willing to face the fact that the world is not what it ought to be; that in every community there is much that is wicked, mind-blinding, heart-suffocating and soul-stultifying, and that to every individual there are mean temptations and cowardly and selfish moments, it would have been better to remain at home and at work. To right the wrongs, to resist the evils of the world, UNITY welcomes back the workers and re-commits itself to this high work,—the work of identifying religion with holiness, of making righteousness the watchword of our faith and helpfulness the com-

manding tones of the bell that summons us to willing prayer. We return to the work of subordinating all thought lines in religion to life lines. Our vacation has taught us that still less in the future than in the past should we labor to seek to establish one more rival "church of Christ"; to dispute with others our superior right to his name or to deepen another sectarian line across the much-scratched face of christendom. Much as we believe in the Christ of history, we believe more in the Christ that is to be, the loyal life of all men and women. To this end we propose to stand more than ever by the truth-seeker, though he may miss the truth. We are going to fellowship whoever does the deed, though he may not know how to pronounce the word. We are going to believe in and teach the Universalists' faith, with no reservations for sectarian or theological purposes. The brotherhood dreamed of beyond the grave, we will try to realize here. We are going to believe in and teach a spiritualism that lays hold of the eternal life, though it may not demonstrate it, and which woos the holy presence of unseen dear ones, though they may not for us materialize and we do not hear, or hearing, fail to understand their rappings. We are going to believe in and work for an Unitarianism that discards the "ism" and magnifies the "unity," an Unitarianism whose growth did not stop with Channing, whose limits no association, local or national, has a right to define; an Unitarianism that, like the Western Conference, boldly, gladly, devoutly, welcomes all those who seek to advance truth, righteousness and love in the world. Believing that this is the prophetic trend as well as the historic and logical import of the Unitarian movement, we declare our right in and allegiance to its existing organizations and activities; and, until we are denied the privilege, UNITY continues the work it has never laid down in behalf of the Unitarian organizations of our land, but we would go to this work as panoplied soldiers in the service of truth. We march, not to emphasize, but to demolish lines, and, if we dare make the high claim, not to seek any good for ourselves, but hoping that somehow we may be of some good to others.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE MESSAGE.

The wind
Taket up rain from the sea
To bring unto me.

And O!
Sweeping at will through my years,
It taketh up tears!

But then,
Heart—could the bow crown the plain
Were't not for the rain?

Behold!
Promise flames forth on the cloud!
In praise thou art bowed.

Accept,
Welcome the line that doth send,
"Thy God is thy friend."

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

EDUCATION OF TRUSTFULNESS.

UNITY preached a short but valuable sermon on the 25th August, when it took the story of President Harrison for a text. He thought a Sunday-school teacher would be a better protection of his fruit from the depredations of small boys than a dog. But the moral teaching might have been pressed a step farther and the claim set up that trustfu-

ness is one of the most efficient means of generating "those rational and moral principles which transform men into self-respecting and self-governing beings." So great is the force of social influences,—such creatures of reciprocity are we—that, as a good working rule, men give back to each other the spirit of the treatment they receive. Those of whom we are suspicious retort with treachery, and those in whom we confide respond with a desire to justify our trust; we ourselves are animated by the same spirit, resenting skepticism of our character and aspiring to be worthy of the confidence shown us. Of course there are exceptions to this law, but they are infrequent, and the rule is a practical working one.

Two lines of illustration occur to me. First, scarcely a generation ago the squares and parks of our cities were railed in with strong unscalable iron fences to keep out depredators. No flowers were planted because it was thought that they could not survive the blight of mischievous hands. Policemen routed tired and forlorn persons from the benches and told them to "move on." While this attitude of suspicion was preserved the imp of devilry was kept alive. The placard "no trespassing allowed," engendered trespassers. But the era of great parks came which could not be fenced in. Aesthetic demands for landscape gardening forced in flowering shrubs and blossoming beds. To reconcile the people to the necessary taxation these huge pleasure grounds were popularized and the spirit of their administration was not the exclusion of the people but the encouragement of their enjoyment. The duties of the police were changed and they were charged not to keep the crowd moving but to be polite, to answer questions and to promote the pleasure of all visitors. Have not the people nobly responded to this confidence in them? How rarely is the spirit of mischief displayed in these parks! How safe their beauties are from the despoiling touch of even the untaught hands of childhood!

Secondly. The old paternal system of college discipline was responsible for much of student waywardness. When presidents of such institutions offered to keep the pupils' purses, and tutors stealthily glided through corridors in slippers, and monitors reported absences from chapel services they challenged the young heart to defiance. Under such a system character went for little, and the student, even if unconsciously, still quite vigorously, felt the atmosphere of unearned suspicion to be a degrading one. When proposals were made for the relaxation of espionage they were met with stout predictions of licentiousness to follow. Indeed the whole scheme was built upon a theory of a total depravity which regimen could repress but not eradicate. The experiment was tried first in the University of Virginia under Jefferson's guidance. The students were received as young gentlemen of whom decorum was naturally expected. They could go to church or not as they liked. The result is that nowhere are religious services attended with more devout and willing students, cases of discipline are rare, and the authorities protest that they would not molest this healthful liberty. Amherst followed by putting discipline in the hands of each class, and finally Harvard has swept away the last vestiges of the monitorial plan. In the great universities of our Northwestern states, it never took root, and everywhere under their example collegiate regimen has perceptibly moved from the "conceived in sin" estimate of youth to the hopefulness of something divine in them. These instances of a great law governing the development of character are adduced, not because they are exceptional, but because they are conspicuous and open to all intelligent eyes. Like illustrations could be abundantly added. But, perhaps, enough have been presented to make clear the law, which is that men return upon us our attitude towards them, hate for hate, mischief for suspicion, honor for trust, and gladness for esteem.

D. O. KELLOGG.

THE RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

(Regulus Calendula.)

I had been expecting news of him for several days, when early in the morning of September 1st, his hearty greeting was heard from the thickets in my little garden. "Ah! you have come!" was my glad response, "I knew it was time." The welcome, perhaps, did not reach my lips, but it overflowed the heart and stirred every nerve as I sprang to the window and bent my eyes in search of my tiny feathered friend. I knew just where to look for him. He was hopping and skipping from twig to twig in the low apple tree by the wall, with astonishing swiftness, craning his neck in every direction as his feet struck each resting place, and stretching his body to the utmost in order to peer into every fold and parting of the leaves round about, where a possible insect might be lurking. It was his way of taking his breakfast.

He was bound on a long journey, and had already come a great distance with still farther to go. His call upon me was transient and purely a matter of business. He was tired and hungry, very likely had been on the wing all night, and might feel impelled to resume flight at sundown. So I watched him with keen pleasure and interest during his brief stay.

We are old friends, as I intimated above. Year after year, in spring and autumn, as regularly as the flowers blossom and the leaves fade and fall, this mite of a birdling, less than four inches from tip of bill to end of tail, travels with his kind, across our continent from the sunny regions southward even to the shores of the Arctic sea. His home is in the bleak north, in Labrador, where Audubon found him surrounded with a growing family in the month of June, 1833; or it is still beyond, or occasionally in lower latitudes, as in the upper borders of Maine, or on the Columbia river in Washington Territory. Why he chooses to go so far to spend his summers nobody can tell. It is one of the not few mysteries of bird life, which naturalists are still probing for a satisfactory solution.

It is probably in the main a matter of habit. His ancestors far back by some chance pressed on into the frozen zone in quest of an abiding spot where the right sort of insect food for their young would be abundant at the right moment. There they built their homes and happily reared their offspring, and these and their descendants, by a natural instinct, flew back to the place of their birth each ensuing season, to found new households and chant sweet love-songs and lullabys in their turn. Thus it happens that my morning visitor, the Ruby-crowned Kinglet, and a host of his kindred, many scarcely larger than himself, pass us with a mere pause and a salutation as they go to and fro at the dawn and close of summer, in the annual course of their migrations.

I said the Ruby-crowned Kinglet builds his home in the north. It must be a dainty structure to house so diminutive a creature, but much that pertains to its precise locality and style and material remains a well guarded secret. None of our best known scientific explorers have been so fortunate as to discover the nest, though some have several times come upon its small inmates when only just fledged. Quite recently the dainty domicile has been described by a most fortunate ornithologist, as a ball of matted moss and straw, lined with feathers and large for the size of its diminutive owners.

The Ruby-crown is a quiet colored bird, olive-green above and smoked-pearl beneath, with yellow bands across the wings; but under the hood of gray on the head there is a scarlet crest which I have seen the wind disclose as it tossed the outer feathers, and which the bird itself may display when it wills. What it lacks in color it makes up in song, for the edification of its mate. It reserves its full strains of melody for her ear alone, never repeating them except in the seclusion of their summer retreat. Audubon

listened entranced to its voice in the one instance when he was favored with an opportunity. "When I tell you," he says, "that its song is fully as sonorous as that of the Canary bird, and much richer, I do not come up to the truth, for it is not only as powerful and clear, but much more varied and pleasing to the ear." This is a wonderful story of the musical abilities of one of the least of our birds, and scarcely to be believed save that it is related by an observer whose accuracy of statement is beyond a doubt.

While with us the Ruby-crown is incessantly busy in the search for food, and would serve as a good example of perpetual motion. Its quick, restless movements and frequent loud chirps as it flits among the trees, reveal its presence to the bird lover immediately on its arrival, but it comes and goes and the great world remains ignorant that the exquisite stranger has been with us. His is by no means a solitary vision, however, for at times during April and May, September and October, the trees in our groves and parks and along our city streets are alive with the species. It needs but an alert and attentive eye to be aware of their apparition, and so to count one more joy in this bounteous life.

The Ruby-crowned Kinglet is peculiar to America, and yet several times it has been captured in the old world. In 1852 it was shot near one of the wooded lakes in Scotland. Again a stray individual was killed near Durham in England, and once more one was picked up dead, in 1873, if I remember right, and its remains now adorn a museum in Heligoland. How did their feeble wings bear these delicate creatures across the great wide sea that stretches between their native land and the shores of the eastern hemisphere? Nearly every year some members of our special feathered tribes are discovered in Europe, having made as by a miracle the tremendous voyage across the Atlantic.

Shortly after the coming of the Ruby-crowned Kinglet in the fall, he is followed by a near relative, which he so closely resembles that their chief distinction is mentioned in their names. The Golden-crowned Kinglet (*Regulus Satrapa*) slightly exceeds the other in size. Both are mere pigmies, but one day a Ruby-crown and a Humming bird alighted on the same branch in a bush in my garden, as if to let me compare their dimensions. It was then I saw, to my surprise, that two or three Humming birds could be cut out of a Ruby-crown and leave something to spare.

A species of *Regulus*, not larger than ours, is the smallest bird in Europe. As I write these words the shrill note of the Ruby-crown comes in from the garden. I turn to see him bounding in and out among the tree boughs, catching insects on the wing, picking them up from the bark and leaves, and executing all the while a series of careless, startling evolutions that are among the choicest exhibitions of a bird's wing-power.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

A BOOK OF POEMS.*

To be the poet of one true poem, to make one song that lives, and must live, because it *says* that which a thousand songs of other men do try to say, is to establish no small claim on the world's gratitude. David Wasson is such a poet, whether he be more than this or no. His one song is that which he named "All's Well." Where else can we find a more jubilant lyric of the soul than this "song of a suffering invalid, who had almost exhausted the capacity of the human body to bear anguish and pain?" One does not even hear the note of triumph over pain in it. It soars and sings like the careless rapture of a bird. Yet as it sinks into the memory we see that there is nothing careless in it; that only one who had thought and lived his way past personal to universal sources of joy could even have conceived

*Poems. By David Atwood Wasson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

it; and the mere form or word-case of the poem is an elaborate crystal of expression. Of the well-known verses this page shall hold one, at least,—not the best perhaps, but one that is by itself a whole:

"Ask and receive,—'tis sweetly said:
Yet what to plead for, know I not;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
For him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will."

Two other poems by Wasson will also be remembered long,—*"Seen and Unseen"* and *"Ideals."* The former written at sea in 1858, the year after *"All's Well,"* is again a sick man's chant of triumph. On the ocean that is "seen" the wind is ahead and waves run high, but on the ocean "unseen,"—

"The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favo'reth me,—
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my barque doth bear."

By the very contrast of its sweeping cheer it brings to mind the hymn which Newman wrote at sea, so beautiful in its gentle way,—the one beginning, "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom." In the third poem he prays his Ideals *not* to descend to meet him, for—

"Not to content our lowness, but to lure
And lift us to your angelhood,
Do your surprises pure
Dawn far and sure
Above the tumult of young blood,
And starlike there endure."

But here we have a whole book of Mr. Wasson's poems. Can we be glad that, as he left the earth, he asked his friend to print them? Others perhaps will welcome them, but there are no more poems like these we had already learnt to love. The three long pieces are poetic,—are they poems? The child's one memory of his mother, "O'er the Sanded Floor," is a still vision of the heart, whose calm pure lines remind one of an Ary Scheffer picture. There are a few fine sonnets, or fine lines in a sonnet, and they show the high chivalric spirit of the man; but after "Love against Love," "Pride," "Royalty," "Time's Household," "Doom," "Surcease," "To the Fifty-fourth Regiment,"—after these are named, we turn the pages quickly for our noble three.

W. C. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY: Your article on the "Country Week" contains some good suggestions. I am in full sympathy with the *feeling* that prompts such work, but I cannot call it one of the "new justices of Christendom." I cannot even feel that it is a beautiful thing to do. It is a merciful and a good thing to do, as it is sometimes merciful and good to relieve symptoms, but what should we think of a physician who contented himself with applying a plaster and giving a sedative, without making any inquiry into the cause of the disease?

Why should little children,—the wards of the state, upon whose moral and physical health the future of the nation depends,—*why* should little children be left to the chance of charitable people giving them fresh air and wholesome food one week out of the fifty-two? Is it "justice" to the children? *Why* should overworked mothers and pale sewing girls be deprived of healthful homes fifty-one weeks in the year, and compelled to accept them one week as a charity, or go without altogether? Are

the conditions which make the "Country Week" necessary of God's making or of man's making? It behooves us to ask ourselves the question before we feel any glow of unanimity, because we have given \$2.50 to procure a child a week in the country.

Do we believe in the Fatherhood of God, that all God's children are our brothers and sisters? If this is not our faith we have no faith. Do I do a "beautiful" thing when I give my half-starved baby brother or my sick sister a brief shelter under my roof, and a tiny crumb from my big loaf, while I have cake and pie and jam in the pantry?

Two thousand four hundred weeks of healthful homes and happiness! It is indeed "a blessed equation to make real—or to try to." But we are too apt to forget, in our efforts to make it real, and in our satisfaction over its realization, that our *duty* goes farther and deeper and higher—goes as far and as deep and as high as justice.

In making up the account of these lives for the year, there must still be set over against these 2,400 weeks, 2,400 times 51 weeks of unwholesome surroundings and exhausting work, and 2,400 times a sense of inferiority and humiliation which comes from the acceptance of charity.

Is there no more blessed equation "to make real—or to try to?" No possibility of an equation whose final result shall be plus and not minus?

LIDA MINNISS BROWN.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Pure Souled Liar. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

This anonymous story is one which people will like according to the degree of their interest in the sequence of the events related, for its strength depends neither on character study nor insight into complex human relations. It shows skill in the construction of plot while it fails to take advantage of the opportunities offered for the portrayal of soul development. It is a story, scarcely a study, and is well told. The style is direct, and if it seems at times cold, considering the demands of the *motif*, that only adds to the impression the writer tries to make in her first chapter, since the experiences given as her own are generally told with a repressed force that we miss in the crises of the other characters; thus no scene in the book is more vivid than that with the detective. The certain sense of unreality about the book comes not at all from the central act, the self-sacrifice of Chris, but partly from a failure to adequately interpret characters able to give and take so much from each other, and partly from the abundant evidence that the sacrifice itself was unnecessary. The same results were attainable by less heroic means. Finally it is not easy to reconcile the Vida of the last chapter, the "grand woman" who makes others better by her presence, with the thought that she fails to the end to clear Chris or her memory in the eyes of her husband.

This book has received high commendation from reviewers and is undoubtedly one which will attract different classes of readers. It is unlike other recent novels and will be discussed from more than one point of view. The explanation on the first page coupled with the fact that it is in truth anonymous seems to arrest attention at the outset, though in the main the author's estimate of it is not entirely unjust.

E. E. M.

Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, pp. 228. Price, \$1.25.

This is a book written by two women who, with the ready pen and the quick, keen eye of the able journalist give instructive and glowing accounts of Mexico and the Mexicans. The volume is composed of articles previously printed in the

Boston *Journal* and the New York *Catholic World*, but is a well connected and exceedingly interesting narrative concerning this picturesque country, and the customs of its people, with reflections upon its systems of religion, education and government. As a whole to the reader the descriptions seem almost too glowing, but the pictures throughout are vivid and one lays down the book with a profound longing personally to visit the scenes so attractive when seen through another's eyes. Altogether, considering Mexico's proximity to our own country, and continually increasing accessibility, its wonderful resources and unique people, the book is a timely one, and for many reasons, aside from its clear style and vivid word pictures, is well worth the reading. The authors have avoided the rock of excessive moralizing though something more of the analytical element in the book might have given it added force, but as a whole it is notable for the unflagging interest with which it holds the reader.

The Boston Tea Party and Other Stories of the Revolution. Revised and Adapted from Henry C. Watson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Boards, pp. 222. Price, 50 cents.

This volume, designed especially for young readers, has its charm for adults. It is a collection of stories founded on the reminiscences of Revolutionary war veterans, with an opening narrative of the Boston Tea Party entitled "The Lebanon Liberty Club." The famous Lebanon Club was the first liberty club organized in the Colonies and the one which formed and executed the plan for the destruction of the tea at Boston, and one of its three surviving members, David Kinnison, relates the story of the enterprise at a Fourth of July celebration held in an upper room in an old Boston tavern near Griffin's wharf. This narrative is followed by reminiscences of the Revolution from the other veterans, "The Skirmish at Lexington," "Arnold's Expedition," "The Patriotism of Mrs. Borden," etc., tales of battle, seige, and personal adventure. The book is written in a pleasing style and is well fitted to arouse patriotism, as well as to entertain and instruct the young.

B. L. G.

THE HOME.

A LITTLE QUESTIONER.

A tired young mother, for whom there were many duties yet undone, tucked her little boy into his bed and bent over him for the usual good-night kiss.

"Mamma."

"Well, my child, what is it?"

"When one boy hates another boy, but pretends he loves him, isn't that hypocriting?"

Ten minutes were spent in explaining how there should be neither hating nor pretending, but real love one to another. Then the good-nights were again exchanged and mamma had reached the stairway when—

"Mamma, I've been thinking."

Back to the bedside came mamma.

"My name is Alfred, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course, you know that."

"Haven't I got a body and a mind?"

"Yes, but baby is crying down stairs, so you must tell me what you wish to quickly."

"Well, I've been thinking that I wanted you to tell me which you named Alfred, my body or my mind, because if it's my body why, then I shant have any name when I go to Heaven."

S. M. B.

WHAT CAN THE CHILDREN DO THIS SUMMER.

The following, which is an excerpt from an article in the *Sunday School Times*, by Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger, is so full of suggestion and interest both for parents and children that we copy it for our UNITY friends. Though this summer be well nigh fled, the article may be preserved and

furnish suggestions for summers yet to come. It runs as follows:

"A wise mother will try to plan her children's vacation in such a way that they will have some definite object in view beyond the mere personal enjoyment of the day or hour. The pursuit, whatever it may be, should come as far as possible within the line of their pleasures, and, in fact, make a part of them. When the boys start off in the morning on a tramp, if they can be interested in hunting for geological specimens that may form the nucleus of a cabinet, it will add amazingly to the interest of the excursion. They will come home with their pockets filled with rocks, and will eagerly display their quartz and their pyrites, their fossil casts and their petrifications. The parent can teach many valuable lessons while looking over the treasure-trove. Probably the amateur geologist, with glowing face and sparkling eyes, will eagerly exhibit the pyrites, and ask, 'Is it gold?'—furnishing an illustration for the truth the parent will seek to impress, that 'all is not gold that glitters.' Meanwhile the rudiments of geology are being taught, the children's eyes are opened to seek out the wonderful treasures of Nature, and possibly a bias is given to some minds that will hereafter make their possessors recognized as authorities in the field of geological research.

"So the children may be interested in the study of insects. Give them a butterfly-net with a long handle, a small bottle of chloroform, a collector's box (which may be a common pasteboard box), and some slender pins. Teach them how to chloroform the beautiful butterfly or dragonfly they may catch,—and here kindness and consideration can be taught,—and encourage them to see how many varieties of insects they can capture. They will peer eagerly into flowers and shaded nooks, and they will learn marvelous things regarding the ways of the tiny creatures they have hitherto passed by unnoticed. The eminent naturalist of the future may be taking his first lessons this summer.

"In order to make this pursuit yield the most possible pleasure, the children should have suitable cases for the preservation of the captured insects; and the mother may need to learn a few lessons herself in regard to the best and safest methods of keeping them from the 'collectors' moth,—that bane of amateurs.

"The girls are fond of flowers. But if they are encouraged to press them, and make herbariums, they will find their interest in the frail beauties greatly increased. A little simple instruction in botany can go along with the collecting, and will not be forgotten.

"Some of them might become interested in ferns, for instance. Send them to see how many varieties they can find. Of course, their keen eyes will discover the 'maiden-hair fern,' most beautiful of our American varieties. Let them hunt for the 'moon fern,' the shyest of all our ferns, and they may consider themselves fortunate if they find half a dozen specimens. When they bring home their arms full of different kinds, let them select a leaf that has the under side dotted from end to end with tiny brown specks. Put a bit of it, covered with these specks, under a magnifying glass, and let them examine it. Such exclamations of delighted surprise!

"'Fruit!' 'They look like raspberries!' 'Who ever heard of fern fruit!' 'How wonderful!'

"Yes, wonderful indeed. And see to it that the lessons learned from flowers and ferns, from rocks and stones, from bees and butterflies, lead the young student of nature nearer to nature's God.

"'Too much trouble for this hot weather,' does the parent say? Try it, and you will find that the children will not be the only parties benefited by this or similar methods of spending the vacation, and possibly the knowledge gained will be quite as valuable as any that school-books alone can teach."

UNITY.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS
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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Sioux City, Iowa.—Out of much that is pleasant to remember in a visit to Sioux City one thing stands out conspicuous. It is a slab of Dell Rapids granite, of a dull reddish hue, four feet by eighteen inches in dimensions, on which is engraved a single word—"UNITY." It stands over the arched doorway of the square tower leading into the new Unitarian church, which is slowly lifting its front on the corner of a beautiful street. Unity! The workmen go on hammering and clattering around it, friends drive up and inspect it, the diverse life, the conflicting interests of the busy populace roll by little heeding it. But there it stands always the same, pronouncing its benediction of love and good-will upon all who come and go. It fitly expresses the spirit of the earnest people who have gathered around Miss Safford with a deep and strong affection. The church is to be built of wood and stone, forty-six feet wide and one hundred deep, and fitted out with all the conveniences of modern church life. It is hoped that the basement will be ready for occupancy by the first of November. Until that time services will be held in the Court House. The pulpit is to be supplied regularly during Miss Safford's four months' absence by various ministers in Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Good congregations greeted the secretary of the Western Conference September 2 and 9. Rev. E. T. Wilkes supplies the pulpit September 16, and Rev. Marion Murdock on the 23d. The Sunday-school reassembles after vacation with encouraging numbers and interest and the several parish activities start afresh with courage and energy. It is a growing church in a growing city, a city that has in the last eight years stepped almost to the front, claiming now to be the second city in population and business activities in the state of Iowa.

Boston.—In one of our daily newspapers is a symposium of the opinions of prominent clergymen on the city rule of requiring a license to preach on the common. These generally favor that easy rule.

—The juvenile exercise termed "Sloyd"—being light carpentry and wood carving—is added in many of our schools to the usual

course by the generosity of a few ladies. Two gentlemen teachers from Stockholm are engaged to introduce the work.

—A kind reception is bespoken for Rev. Christopher R. Eliot and his bride, Miss Mary Jackson May, daughter of Fred W. G. May, if on their wedding tour they should visit Chicago or St. Louis.

—The Old South Meeting House, lately leased to exhibit a national—and later a sacred panorama—has now resumed its use as a receptacle of colonial and revolutionary relics.

—Rev. Messrs. Humphrey, Hosmer, Lawrence and Prof. Cary of Meadville, European tourists, will all be at home by the middle of September.

Hobart, Ind.—The secretary of the Western Conference, *ex-officio* pastor of this pastorless church, has arranged for the pulpit supply for another year for alternate Sunday evenings, the parish taking care of the alternate Sunday and the Sunday-school among themselves. The schedule of the appointments is neatly printed upon a card which will be freely distributed among the citizens of Hobart. On this card the names of Messrs. Milsted, Utter, Blake, Gannett, Effinger and Jones appear.

Sheffield, Ill.—The ladies of the steadfast Unitarian Society in this place, Rev. J. Fisher, pastor, have recently done a very commendable work in beautifying the interior of its sanctuary, and further improvements on the exterior are in prospect.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS' MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The board met September 6th at Headquarters. Mrs. Richardson in the chair. Present—Mesdames, Jones, Ware, Hilton, West, of Chicago, and Mrs. Dinsmore of Omaha. The secretary was absent owing to sickness and Mrs. West acted pro tem.

The reports of secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. Report of committee appointed to prepare rules for directors was submitted and accepted. Mrs. Jones moved that 500 copies of the rules be printed and that they be published with records of this meeting in UNITY. Miss Hilton reported for the Indian committee that a barrel of papers and books had been shipped to Mr. Bond, and a letter was read from him giving interesting account of work at the Indian school. He calls for outer and under clothing for boys from six to fifteen. His address: Rev. H. F. Bond, Blakeley, Montana.

Letters from Mrs. Houghton, director from Michigan; Mrs. Learned, of Missouri, and Mrs. Hiscock, of Colorado, were read. The first reported a revival of the Unitarian Society at Grand Rapids, and showed an earnest spirit for work. Mrs. Learned reported for the Religious Study Class of St. Louis, that half the work this year will be a study of our faith, and half an aim to deepen the mother life with the children. She reported no study classes formed elsewhere.

Mrs. Hiscock sent a plea for more study work among our church women, and not so much brain force given to preparing church suppers, etc.

Very interesting letters were read by Mrs. Richardson from Mrs. Andrews and others. Miss Chapin, of St. Paul, sent her resignation to the board, and Mrs. David Utter a letter declining to serve according to appointment. Mrs. Dupee was elected in her place.

The subject of joining the Women's National Council was presented, but Mrs. Ware moved the decision be deferred until the next meeting.

Mrs. Miller, of Geneseo, and Mrs. Fisher, of Sheffield, were appointed our delegates to the approaching Illinois conference at Quincy

and the Rock River Circle at Monmouth. The meeting then adjourned.

FLORENCE HILTON, Secretary.

RULES FOR DIRECTORS OF THE W. W. U. C.

1. The directors shall hunt up every Unitarian woman in their States. When isolated place themselves in friendly communication with each.

2. The directors should attend State Conferences and arouse the women, and see that the Conference interests are represented.

3. Directors are asked to urge the women's societies in each State to read at their next meeting the secretary's annual report. Then to get the expression of the women's thought about our various lines of work. Will they form branches with the committees suggested?

4. After deciding what they will work for, let each society appoint some one to write to the chairman of the several conference committees, viz.: Mrs. West, of the Temperance; Mrs. Ware, of the Ramabai; Miss Hilton, of the Indian; Miss Le Baron or Miss Hilton, if they desire to form a P. O. M. Committee; to Mrs. L. W. Learned, of St. Louis, for Religious Study Class work, and to Headquarters for information about forming branch organizations.

5. The directors should so understand the financial condition of each society in their States that they could advise each as to its right apportionment to the Conference. For this year let each director see that every society gives \$5.00 or \$10.00 at least, and that every woman give her \$1.00 membership. Advise her saving it in five cent pieces a week if it seems the best way, but press her to feel it her duty to raise it during the year. By this course we can see how much will be brought into the treasury and how much can be done with it; and then we shall know how much more will be needed another year.

6. The directors should inquire in all societies if there are any who are capable of benefiting by the advantages of the Alliance Lectureship and helping such to reach this study.

7. The directors should encourage the holding of lectures and other intellectual entertainments in order to raise money for conference work.

Beware of Scrofula

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All of above rules to be followed by local directors in their own church and neighborhood.

What to report at the quarterly meetings:

1. How many societies in your State?
2. How many individual women?
3. Sunday Circles: How many? Average attendance. What their difficulties and needs.
4. Religious study classes. How many? Always tell of new ones formed and what all are studying.
5. How many Post-Office missions?
6. What are the women's societies doing?
7. How much money raised since last quarter? How raised and how expended.
8. What do you think the State and the women's societies greatest needs?
9. Any suggestions from directors about the conference and its work.
10. All to be arranged under headings so as to be most easily read and understood by the board.
11. All Conference Committees report at quarterly meetings.

Treasurer's Report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, from May 17, 1888, to date.

RECEIPTS.

By cash in hand	\$ 7 44
By membership fees	108 00
By Mrs. B. F. Felix	10 00
By Mrs. E. A. West	10 00
By Mrs. Victoria Richardson, life member	10 00
By Miss Helen Gale, Oak Park, L. Library Fund	1 00
By Mrs. M. A. Humel, Sioux Falls, Dakota, L. L. F.	1 00
Total	\$147 44

PAYMENTS.

To secretary	\$ 49 98
To rent and expenses	72 00
To secretary for postage	2 00
To postals for secretary	5 00
To printing postals, C. H. Kerr & Co.	85
To S. S. Society	33
To writing paper for Sec.	45
To postage stamps and stationery for treasurer	2 35
Total	\$132 96

MEMBERSHIP FEES PAID IN TO "CONFERENCE" AND "ASSOCIATION."

Chicago—Mrs. W. H. Furness, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. J. B. Roche, Mrs. J. M. Wansee, Miss Emma Finch, Mrs. Charles Dupee, Miss Emma Dupee, Mrs. D. Washburn, Mrs. A. H. Lord, Mrs. S. D. Woods, Mrs. Gilbert Pryor, Mrs. B. F. Felix, Mrs. Charles Adams, Mrs. Mary E. S. Russell, Mrs. George Follansbee, Mrs. D. P. Hu-ston, Mrs. Kate Whitney, Mrs. S. H. Conger, Mrs. F. S. Heywood, Mrs. Cyrus Dupee, Miss Medora Welch, Mrs. Dean Bangs, Miss Lucy J. Doe, Mrs. W. G. Wood, Miss Jenny Wilcox, Miss L. M. Greeley, Mrs. M. J. Cheney, Mrs. H. H. Badger, Mrs. N. R. Stone, Mrs. John Slade, Mrs. J. S. Brewer, Mrs. M. L. Satter-lee, Mrs. C. A. Tinkham, Miss Julia Leavens, Miss Phebe Himrod, Mrs. H. K. Elkins, Mrs. Isadore Taylor, Mrs. S. A. Whetstone, Mrs. C. W. Davenport, Mrs. Elizabeth Loomis, Mrs. J. S. Lewis, Mrs. George E. Adams, Mrs. E. A. West, Mrs. C. P. Woolley, Mrs. Ellen A. Martin, Mrs. W. D. Dow, Mrs. L. C. Colt, Mrs. Abby Chapman, Mrs. J. W. Frost, Miss Rebecca S. Rice, Rev. J. L. Jones, Mrs. J. A. Perkins, Mrs. Flora P. Tobin, Mrs. Sarah Darrow, Miss J. P. West, Miss Jennie Dow, Mrs. Thomas E. Fry, Mrs. Alexander Dunlap, Mrs. P. A. Newton, Miss C. D. Adams, Miss Fannie Whiting, Mrs. G. H. Hag-erty, Miss H. E. Dupee, Mrs. Janie S. Boyesen, Mrs. J. L. Loveday, Mrs. G. A. Bishop, Mrs. J. W. Adams, Mrs. Elizabeth Webster, Mrs. G. F. Harding, Mrs. F. W. Young.

Hinsdale, Ills.: Mrs. F. F. Temple, Mrs. C. C. Warren, Mrs. C. T. Warren, Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett, Mrs. E. P. Hinds, Miss Belle Tiffany, Mrs. T. H. Capron.

Geneva, Ills.: Mrs. B. S. Long, Miss E. H. Long, Miss S. S. Carr.
Oak Park, Ills.: Miss Helen Gale, Miss Flora Gill, Mrs. W. A. Hutchinson, Mrs. Geo. Clapp.

Highland Park, Ills.: Mrs. H. C. Sampson.
Hyde Park, Ills.: Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard.
Ottumwa, Iowa: Mrs. Henry Phillips.
Cooksville, Wis.: Mrs. M. S. Savage.
North Reading, Mass.: Rev. Mary Graves.
Ann Arbor, Mich.: Mrs. Phebe L. Hough-ton, Miss Clementine Houghton.
St. Louis, Mo.: Mrs. Charles R. Suter.
Sioux Falls, Dakota: Miss C. J. Bartlett.
Milwaukee, Wis.: Mrs. H. A. McConnell.
Englewood, Ills.: Mrs. Emma F. Beardsley.
Aspen, Col.: Mr. George E. Hasey.
St. Paul, Minn.: Mrs. Warren M. Perkins.
Kenosha, Wis.: Miss M. E. French.
Lake View: Mrs. Mary H. Andrews.
Boston, Mass.: Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.
Davenport, Iowa: Miss E. M. Gould.
Princeton, Ills.: Mrs. Victoria Richardson.
Mrs. J. C. HILTON, Treasurer.
September 10, 1888.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michi-gan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, September 16, serv-ices at 11 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, min-ister. Sunday, September 16, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Mon-roee and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, September 16, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boule-vard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, September 16, serv-ices at 11 A. M.; Subject: The Church as a Manual Training School in Religion. Annual Meeting of All Souls Library Association, Tuesday, 3 P. M. Bible Class and Teachers' Meeting, 7:30 Friday evening.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gan-nett, minister. Sunday, September 16, services at 10:45 A. M.

REV. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE will lecture during the season of 1888-9, as usual. He is prepared to give four lectures on *The Intel-lectual Development of Women*, and three on *The Poetry of Robert Browning*. He also has lectures on George Eliot, Charles Darwin, Robert Browning, and Emerson. During the past summer he has prepared a new course of four lectures on *The Social History of New England*, in which he will describe the town meeting, the meeting-house, the Puritan min-ister, and the home life of our forefathers, with the aim of showing how the people actually lived and how American ideas were gradually developed. Mr. Cooke's address is Dedham, Mass.

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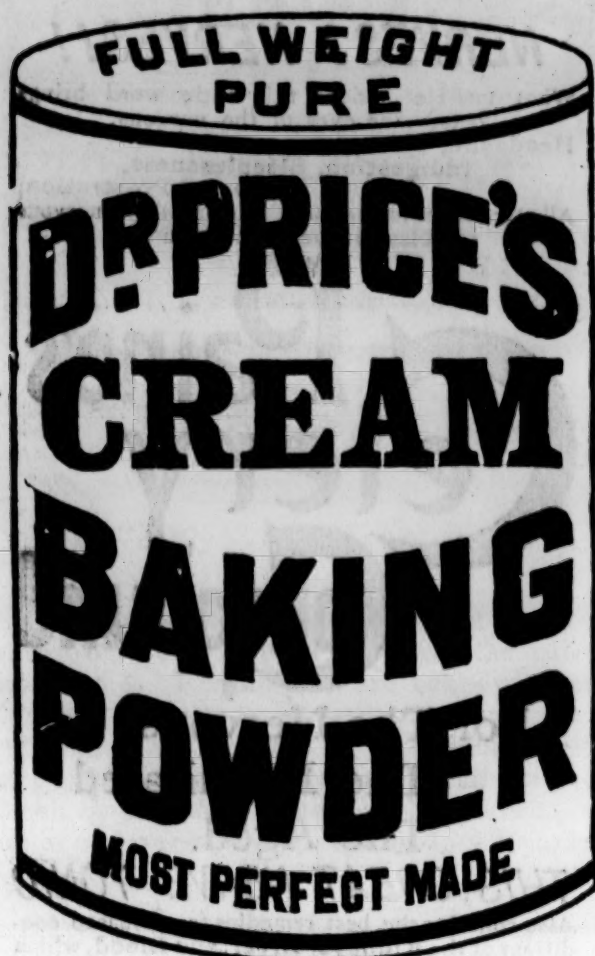
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